POOR ROBIN's

JESTS,

OR,

The Compleat Jester.

BEING

A Collection of ſeveral Jeſts not heretofore publiſhed.

Now newly compoſed and written in a new Method, both in Proſe and Verſe.

By *Poor Robin*

Knight of the burnt Iſland, and Well-wiſher to the MATHEMATICKS.

Together with the true and lively Effigies of the ſaid Author.

The Third Part.

Licenſed, *November* 9th.

LONDON,

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TO THE READER.

Gentlemen,

A *Good Year to you and a merry one, and that you may have it ſo, I here again preſent you with more Jeſts to make you merry; and if you have money enough, you may make the year as good as you pleaſe, and without that neceſſary Companion it will be bad enough: Now if you are well provided with Ginnees, it is more than I have been a good while, and if you have a mind to be rid of ſome of them, and want company, I care not if I attend you, and that I'le aſſure you will be for your benefit; for if you give me good Sack, I ſhall write bet-*

ter than when I drink Ale (which I am ſometimes forced to do when it is a low ebb in my Pocket) and then the better I write, the more will be your profit. If this argument be not ſufficient to perſwade you, I will uſe a better when we meet at the Tavern; In the mean time let me tell you what I have done for your pleaſure. This three years together I have written a Book of Jeſts to attend my Almanack; the firſt year I put you to the charge of twelve pence, the ſecond of ſix pence, and now you have ſix penniworth more; ſo that you may be merry for ſix pence, merrier for a ſhilling, (and merrieſt by buying all three parts together) for two ſhillings, it is ſoon caſt up, and I'le aſſure you you have very good Pennyworths for your money.

Poor

Poor *Robin's*

JESTS.

On a Scholar that delighted to puzzle ignorant people with hards words.

A Scholar having wore out the Heels of his Boots, brought them in his hands to a Cobler, and ſhew'd them him, Saying, O thou curious Artificer, that art accuſtom'd to repair the defects of old decayed Calceuments, affix me two Cemicircles to my Subpeditors. The Cobler ſtared as if he would have look'd him thorow, but a little recovering himſelf, ſaid, Before *God* Sir I underſtand not your hard language, but if I put on two Heel-pieces I'll have a groat for them.

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Another of the ſame Schollar.

A Porter was ſent with a Letter to a perſon in the ſame Colledge, and not knowing his Chamber hapned on this Schollar, and inquired of him; he knowing the perſon well, directed him after this manner: You muſt Crucifie the Quadrangle, and aſcend the Grades, and you ſhall find him perambulating in his Cubicle near the Feneſter. Pray Sir, quoth the Porter, what is that Feneſter: It is, replies the Schollar, the Diaphonos part of an Edefice, erected for the introduction of illumination. Away went the Porter to ſeek ſomebody elſe to give him plainer directions, or elſe he might have returned without an anſwer.

On a Parliament Captain.

IN the late time of Rebellion a Company of Parliament Souldiers being quarter'd in a Country Village, the Captains fortune was to lodge at a Farmers houſe, who had an old Woman to his Mother, who was not well affected either to the cauſe in general, or the Captain in particular; and therefore ſhe would often villifie that, and affront him: More eſpecially on a time a Bitch of her Sons having Whelped, and by

the usual time having gained the sence of seeing, she told the Captain that he might now enlarge his Company, for her Sons Bitch had whelped 5 Puppies, who were become Roundheads, for their Eyes were opened: Soon after the several Children of the house having given names to some of the Puppies, one of them came to the old woman with his, and desired to know what name he should call it by, to which she replyed, Call it Captain, child, call it Captain: Why, quoth the Captain, who was then present, truly said she, it may be properly enough called Captain, for almost every Puppy throughout *England* is now become a Captain.

Of a Maids Urine.

A Maid that was in perfect health, all the Urine that she made was as black as Ink, and so she continued for a long time: Many Physicians repaired to her, but could not discover the occasion of it, so that it passed for a Miracle. A Person of Honour being told thereof, and his opinion being desired, he answered, That if it were so, that she did really Piss Ink, if she could likewise Shite Wax, she would be an excellent Wife for a Scrivener.

On a Tertian Ague.

A Gentleman went to viſit a friend of his that was ſick, and coming into the room where he lay, he enquired what his Diſeaſe was; he anſwered him a Tertian Ague; ſaith the other, how doth it take you? O, alaſs, ſaid the ſick man, I am much troubled with it, for it takes me every day.

On a Reporter of News.

A Pragmatical conceited Fellow that was a great lover and adorer of the old Cauſe, made it his conſtant practice to invent and report Lyes to promote it; and withall he was ſuch a peremptory Coxcomb in his diſcourſe, that none could relate any preſent news ſortooth, but what he would ſay he knew a week before. It hapned that one that uſed to be baffled by him on the ſame account, being in the boat with him and ſome other Solider pated perſons than himſelf, who had buſineſs at *Weſtminſter*, reſolved at that time to put a trick upon him, to which purpoſe he having before at leiſure invented it, he told a roaring thumping Lye, ſays the Rump-Parliament News-monger, I heard this relation above a week agoe, pardon me for that

that said the other, that you could not, for I invented it but just now, He being afterwards silenced when any told a thwacker, *Master did you hear this news a week ago.*

It wes their constant practice in those days
For to advance the cause with such damn'd ways
Of Lying, Plundring, Murthering, any evil,
To hold Rebellion up, they'd raise the Devil.

On Plato's *Year.*

TWo young Philosophers went to an Inne to drink, where the Host was an Old man, but very witty and conceited; where having disputed most part of the night about the opinions of Philosophers, especially of *Plato's* great year (how after thirty thousand years they should again be entertained in the same Inne) at last they intreated the Old man, that untill that time he would forbear the reckoning, and then when they came again they promised to pay him. To which he answrred, In the year past, being thirty thousand years since, I remember you were here, and did not pay your reckoning, pay that now, and I will trust you for this untill the next year.

First

First pay your old account my learned friends
Of what you owe, when thirty thouſand ends:
If that it be your chance that way to call
Let who's will truſt when you have paid for all.

A Merry Frolick.

ABout a ſcore of boon Aſſociates had agreed amonſt themſelves to have a merry Frolick, which was, that every one of them ſhould bring a Coached Whore with him to the Unicorn Tavern in *Drury Lane*; and that perſon that failed to bring one thither on ſuch a day, and at ſuch an hour, was to forfeit his half piece: and withall every one of them was to ſteal one petty thing or other, though it were but only a reſemblance of any thing to joviallize their compact: Alſo it was to be obſerved, that when the Frolick was over, every one of them having given their Wenches the ſlip, were to meet their friends at the Globe Tavern in *Chancery Lane*, at the time there appointed, or elſe to be liable to the ſame forfeiture: The Frollickers kept punctually to their agreement, as to the appointed time and place; ſome of them were furniſhed with artificially painted, others with Wenches with their own faces, ſome with Chamber-practitioners, others with Waſtcoateers; but all of them with Bawds or Whores, which

which they pict up from all quarters; and as they had indented one with another, so they were coached and vizard-masqued all of them, even those that were but Neighbours, that lived close by in *Dog and Bitch Yard*, and *Lewkeners Lane*, who also in the same manner, like those that were brought further, alighted at the Tavern door, and were ushered up stairs into a large room one after another; they arrived there with some different space of time as women use to meet when they do not call one another at Gossipings: after they had unmasqued, they found a little leisure to view one the others faces, and to survey one anothers different habits, how the Bawd was apparell'd her self, and how she and the Broker had suffered the rest to be accoutred: There was no want of Sack, Claret, White-wine and Sugar, &c. and you may be sure not of Lemmans; and though for a short space there was some kind of silence kept in the Court, Complemental Glasses only passing round; nevertheless the still continued coming in of more couples of the same crew into the room, first raised an admiration, and afterwards a distrust in them, that there might be some plot on their bodies politick, which they then began to dispute amongst themselves, but with no loud voices, at the first very moderately: At last the healths flew round so fast, that their im-

impudences began to be ſo rid of their cares, as to take a further cogniſance one of the other (ſuch a one as the Frolickers expected) which was to be ſo elevated with the bloud of the Grape, as to fall foul upon one another, to call one another by their right names of Whore and Bawd, they fell to peaching of one another, how ſuch a one was painted white and red, how ſhe ſcented of her complexion, how ſuch a one had a clap, naming ſeveral perſons that ſhe in requital clapt again, how ſuch a one ſtole ſuch a poor whores cloaths, pickt ſuch mens pockets, what allowance they gave the Broaker to cloath them, the Marſhals-men not to arreſt, and the Beadles not to inform againſt them; how they paid their Apothecaries with Up-tails all, how they cozened the Apprentices of Gloves, Hoods, Ribbans, Linnen, Stuffs, &c. how long it is ſince ſuch a one came from beating of Hemp in *Bridewell*, where ſhe earned her living honeſtly, only by the ſweat of her brows, and how ſuch a one got out of *Newgate* to the detriment of the Hangman, &c. The Frolickers ſtill plyed them with more Beer-glaſſes of the luſty creature, feigningly deſiring them to be pacified, which they knew as long as they raiſed the Devil in them with ſuch tall healths, was very unlikely. To their uſuſal ſports the Whores and Bawds went, after their tongue combates, too't they

fell

fell tooth and nail, off went their head-gears, which cauſed excellent ſport, for ſome of them ſhewed their bald pates that had ſold their Hair to the Perriwig-makers, and thoſe that had long Locks were very much diſadvantaged in battel, as being deſperately lugged by the adverſe party, a cemented piece of a Noſe fell from its place, it was artificially contrived out of a Mutton-bone, which one of them put up into her pocket, as not knowing how ſoon ſhe her ſelf might have occaſion for it; there lay a Gorget; there a Pinner, in other places Hoods, Aprons, and Handkerchiefs, &c. but how long think you, no longer than ſome of them found the opportunity to pocket and cheat their perſecuted Siſters of them; at laſt the Pots reeled and tumbled, the Glaſſes and Pipes were broken, the Candles blown out, &c. Whilſt this bawdy ſcuffle continued, the Frolickers had time enough to ſlide down ſtairs, and to leave them when they were at leaſure to agree one with another to pay the reckoning. The merry blades met afterwards at their time at the appointed place, where when every one of them had told the Name of his Wench, they produced their petty thefts, of a Knife, a Bodkin, a pair of Sizers, Spectacles, Combs Black-pots and Patches, Plaiſters, Merkins, a Spindle (for one of them would ſeem to be a good Houſwife in her way.) An arch crack amongſt

mongſt the reſt had the fortune to get a Practice of Piety, another a *David*'s Tears with raw Sprats in it, that were hid in it for one of their beggarly Collations, to be broiled on the Fire as they ſate in the Chimney-corner, to drive down Drink (two it ſeems were the moſt religious of all the Bawdy-houſes.) After they had tipled ſoundly, and laugh'd till they were ready to burſt at the handſom management of their Frollick, they diſcharged their own reckoning, and marched away civilly to their ſeveral Lodgings. What afterwards became of the Whores, I leave to the Readers more jovial conſideration.

Alaſs poor Whores this was a ſtrange adventure,
To hang you all by th' heels on a Bar tenter.
Be drunk, rail, ſcold, and ſcratch, be pox'd you may
Do what you pleaſe, the Reckonings yours to pay.

On a Dog.

A Dog named *Roſe*, piſt on a Gentlewomans Bed, at which ſhe being angry did beat the little Curr; one being by excuſed the Dog, ſaying, Madam, you need not fret ſo much at it, for it was but a little Roſe-water ſpilt.

A Ladies Urine he that doth diſtill.
May take't for Admirab'lis if he will.
Roſe-waters ſweeter, the Hectorean ſpark
Will difference neither of them in the dark.

On a light Wench.

A Certain kind hearted Creature affirming her ſelf to be a Maid, was asked by one in the company how ſhe could prove that, another anſwered for her, *per demonſtrationem a poſteriori.*

Thus they read Hebrew backwards, 'tis not fit
To be Breech learn'd it is but bawdy wit.

On a Tinker.

A Tinker coming through *Cheapſide*, and ſounding bravely on his Kettle, to the tune of *Have you any work for a Tinker*, a forward Linnen Draper thought to put a Jeſt upon the Tinker, there being a Pillory before his door; told him that he ſhould do well to ſtop thoſe two holes, pointing to the Pillory; The Tinker returned him this Anſwer, That if he would afford him his Head and Ears, that he would find a Hammer and Nails, and give him his work into the bargain.

This Tinker ſure miſtook his work for play,
He'll not afford his tools ſo every day;
But rather than he'll fail a knave to pleaſure
He nor his Budget ſhall not be at leaſure.

On a Stout Fellow.

A Stout fellow being preſt for a Souldier, with many tears bewailed his ſad misfortune; and being rebuk'd by one of his friends for it, he anſwered, It would never grieve me Sir, if I might ſtay at home and fight with my friends.

Such curſed Cowards put them to the teſt,
With forreign foes they fight as they were preſt:
Like to Lame Hoſpital Souldiers; yet ſuch dare
In Civil Wars, nor Prince, nor King to ſpare.

Ambo.

ONe falling by chance into company with another that had much injur'd him, brake out into this paſſionate ſpeech, Well, ſaid he, if I am here, there is knave not far off.

There's no diſpute on't when that you two were met,
Printed Bills might expreſs knaves to be let.

On

Of an Old Man, Marrying of a Maid.

A Maid being married to an Old Man, ſhe was very ſad all the time the Wedding was kept: a merry fellow being there, to comfort her, ſaid, *Be of good cheer, Lady, an old Horſe will perform as long Journey as a young*; ſhe ſimpering and ſighing ſaid, withall ſtroaking down her Belly; *But not in this Road Sir.*

Well might this young Bride ſigh and ſpeak that truth,
Age is too frigid to ſpur on like Youth.
Her Journey's fit for one goes thorough ſtitch,
Sound Wind and Limb, can break through hedge and ditch.

Of a young School-boy.

A School-maſter asked one of his Schollars what was Latine for *cold*, Oh Sir, ſayes he the Boy, *I have that at my fingers ends.*

This Boy was weather-wiſe, and ſpoke his mind,
From th' art he from his fingers ends did find;
When the Aſtrologer that doth gaze and look
Upon the Stars, is quite beſides his Book.

Of an Heretique.

A Certain Heretick whoſe Books were (for the wrong Tenents in them) condemned to the Fire, he being at the pile at the ſame time himſelf, a Spectator made uſe of that Verſe of *Ovid*,

Parve nec invideo, ſine me liber ibis in ignem,

One who was ſtanding by and heard him, made reply with the next Verſe,

Hei mihi quod domino non licet ire tuo.

Thus moralliz'd, in our rebellious ſtate,
Had the Phanatick Pamphlets felt this fate
With their Inventors and diſperſers too
There had been peace and truth, no more to do.

On a Baker.

A Baker riding through a Yeomans Cloſe, ſpyed a fat Gooſe, and being a merry fellow, he lights down, and takes up the Gooſe, and weighing her in his hand, he lik'd her ſo well that he put her into one of his Doſſers, and thumping old *Brock* his Mare with his feet, he began

began to trot homewards as faſt as he could: The Gooſe made ſuch a noiſe, that the Yeoman was ſo ſuddenly alarmed as to obſerve the Bakers knavery, who ſtrained his throat, and cryed aloud, Baker, Baker, the Baker made as if he did not hear, but rides home as faſt as he could. The Yeoman knowing who he was, got a Warrant to have him before a Juſtice: The buſineſs being examined, the Baker was asked what he could ſay for himſelf: And like your Worſhip ſaid he, I went to buy a Gooſe, and coming into this mans Cloſe I took one up, weighed her, lik'd her, and carried her home, this man calls to me to bake her, which I have done, and if your Worſhip as he loves a Gooſe, truly both of you ſhall be welcome to the Pye.

Friends there's no knavery in that word bake her,
He did but as he was bid, to that end take her,
But yet you'll ſay that he plaid faſt and looſe
'Tis true, to invite two, to eat one Gooſe.

On a Grove.

ONe hearing a Grove commended which was near unto his Houſe, ſaid, indeed it would be a pleaſant Grove, were it not for the Trees.

He ſpoke no Bull, this fellow hit the mark,
For He made ſuch a Grove, who bought Hide-park.
We have no ſcarcity of ſuch fools as theſe,
Who croſs to th' Proverb leave no Wood for trees.

Of a pinch-gut Uſurer.

A Miſerable Uſurer uſed to go to an Houſe in *Pye-corner*, where he called for a Modicum only to ſuſtain Nature, at that time a black pudding and a ſingle pot. A merry fellow having ſeveral times obſerved his parſimonious covetous humour, reſolved to put a trick upon him, and finding him at his coſtly banquet, he accoſts him, Sir I deſire to be better acquainted with you, takes up his ſingle pot, and ſwallows it very eaſily at a gulp; the Uſurer ſtaring him in the face, to be reveng'd, thought to put a Jeer on him; Sir, ſayes he, to the bold Intruder, you look as like one that ſtole a horſe from me the other day, as ever I ſaw man in my life: Sir, replies the merry fellow may I requeſt to know of you who it was, the Uſurer made no long pauſe to contrive a name, but ſaid ſuch a one, what he, ſays the fellow, I knew him very well, he was an expert blade, he made no more of ſtealing of a horſe, than I do of eating this black pudding, which he had no ſooner ſaid, but he thruſt a great piece of it into his mouth, and away he went,

went, and took time to eat the reſt

This knave had conn'd his leſſon, was no ſot,
He eat the pudding, drank one ſingle pot,
For th' Uſurer, as ſure as I'm a ſinner.
He, to ſave further charges, eat no dinner.

On a Chine of Beef.

A Great Duke of the late Kings time, and other honourable perſons, having ſent a great Wit of this Nation ſome bottles of Wine, invited themſelves to a Chine of Beef. He then Lived by the Banks-ſide, where a Mumping old woman was the only and ſole Governeſs of his Houſe, to her care he committed the ordering of the Chine of Beef; which the old woman (as the weather proved then) had not ſo well handled in the powdering and covering of it, but that the wind had ſo unhappily got into it, that it wanted for no Hogo. When the appointed day was come (with all the defects which were not to be remedied) ſhe laid the Beef to the Fire, and went forth to fetch ſome Vinegar and Pepper, and ſuch other neceſſary things as were wanting. In the mean ſpace Mr. *F.* who was a perſon that was a great Favourite to the Guſto, came down to make a Sop in the Pan (as he rightly underſtood the worth and ſtout nouriſhment of the gravy of the meat) where finding

ſome things ſturring and creeping on the ſides of the Pan, he deſiſted from that enterprize, and with a ſudden indignation, takes up the ſpit, goes to the Banks-ſide ditch againſt his door, and throws the Chine of Beef into it, with this expreſſion, that it was alive; and having again ſet the Jack going with the empty ſpit, he retires to his ſtudy. The old woman miſſing of the meat, was almoſt out of her wits, but recollecting of her ſelf, ſhe made haſte to inquire of the Neighbours, whether they ſaw any body go into the houſe: one of them ſaid ſhe ſaw Mr. *F.* go to the Ditch, but what he did there ſhe could not tell: the old woman ran thither, where ſhe found the meat in a moſt dirty and filthy condition, yet not knowing any other way to help her ſelf, with much ado ſhe got it out of the Ditch, waſhed it as clean as ſhe could, ſpitted it, and with a little more chearfulneſs attended her Kitchin affairs. Mr. *F.* after he had finiſhed a Love-ſcene, came down, which ſome preſume to ſay (contrary to the courſe of other Poets) he writ moſt paſſionately to the height, when he had been diſturbed about his Dyet; he ſeeing the meat upon the ſpit again, after a little ſtuttering (an infirmity he was ſomewhat troubled with) he ſaid, that he was not miſtaken, for if the meat had not been alive, it could never have crawled out of the Ditch thither again.

Af-

After the beſt part of the Chine of Beef, without any diſreliſh had been heartily eaten, and luſtily waſhed down with the rich bloud of the grape, Mr. *F.* broke the Jeſt to thoſe honourable perſons that dined with him, who were admirably well pleaſed, and laughed heartily at it.

I ſhall not go about to deſcant on it, I ſhall only beg leave to commit the following lines to poſterity, in honour of our incomparable *F.* of whom no leſs can be determined.

The quickeſt Wit that ever England *bred,*
The Sun-beams of the Nations glorious light,
For whatſoe're he in his works hath ſaid,
None can excell though all the Muſes write.

Of a clap on the ſhoulder ſiniſterly laid on.

A Butcher, knock him down, did one arreſt
Not for his debt, he took it for a jeſt:
May flies blow on his fleſh till that it ſtink,
He ow'd not for his meat, but for his drink.

Witty Anſwers.

Queſt. Why is *Cœlum*, which is Latin for *Heaven*, only of the Maſculine Gender, of the plural Number.

Anſ. Becauſe that I think few women ſhall come there, or at leaſt ſuch as are ſingular.

Qu. Why amongſt the reſt of the Planets doth *Venus* caſt a ſhadow?

Anſ. Becauſe her deeds do moſt want it.

Qu. Why doth the man wear the Horns, whereas the woman doth make them?

Anſ. Becauſe the man is the Head.

Qu. Of all creatures, which die moſt like a Swan?

Anſ. A Thief, becauſe he ſings before he dies.

Qu. Suppoſe you and I were in a room together, you being naked, pray which part would you firſt cover?

Anſ. Your eyes Sir, this was propoſed to a Gentlewoman at the ſport of Queſtions and Commands.

Of one put to Non-plus.

ONe in the telling of a Tale having brought himſelf to a *Non plus*, deſired one of his Auditors that ſtood by to help him out, no quoth he you are out enough already.

Some are ſo alwayes out, they're never in,
They know not where to end, or to begin;
So Tichburn *us'd to make a marriage ſpeech,*
And books of Canaan *grapes to wipe on's Breech.*

On

On a great Meſs of Broth.

A Certain merry Gentleman ſeeing a great Meſs of Broth ſet on the Table with a little chop of Mutton in the midſt of it, haſtily unbuttoned his doublet, and being asked by the reſt of the company what was his meaning, why quoth he, I mean to ſwim through this Sea of Pottage, to that Iſland of Mutton.

That Epigram of Mutton in the diſh,
Put him ith' head of ſwiming like a fiſh,
But like a greedy coward to keep dry land,
He laved the Sea broth, and eat up the Iſland.

Of a Cook.

THe Cook of a Colledge on a Winter night being much buſied with dreſſing ſupper, and withall having taken a Cup of the creature extraordinary, as one may ſay being ſomewhat more than betwixt hawk and buzzard, cut up the ſheath of a knife and broiled it for a red herring.

This was a ſtrange miſtake, beyond all thinking,
Yet ſuch betide thoſe ſots delight in drinking;
Their eyes ſee double, ſo 'twas with this Cook,
Who a broil'd ſheath for a red herring took.

An.

An Epigram on a drunken Smith.

I Heard that Smug the Smith, for Ale and Spices,
Sold all his Tools, and yet he kept his Vices.

Of a fellow of a houſe, and an under graduate.

A Fellow of a Colledge was chiding an under graduate, for prating too loud in dinner time, and withall told him, that, *Vir ſapit qui panca loquitur.* The other replyed, yes, *Vir loquitur qui pauca ſapit.*

On a Player coughing.

A Player that was to be imagined ſlain upon the Stage, was troubled with a ſudden cough; which though he did endeavour to ſuppreſs, he was manifeſtly ſeen to ſhake and move, and at laſt was forced to cough aloud, at which the Spectators laughing, one of the ſame company ſtanding by, ſaid, that he was uſed to drink in his Pottage.

Of

Of a Maior and his Brethren.

THe Maior of a Town wherein were many Tanners, had cauſed the wayes to be repaired againſt the Kings coming thither, by caſting good ſtore of Horns into the deep places amongſt the ſtones. The King at his coming commended his care. Nay (an't pleaſe your Majeſty) quoth he, I and my Brethren did lay our heads together, that we might make good way for your Majeſty, at which the King laughed heartily.

Where there are many Hides, there's many Skins,
Where you meet many rubs beware your Shins,
Horns under feet, make no ſuch dangerous ſhuffle
Once capital, they make a monſtrous ſcuffle,
This branched Mayors pavement made ſome ſport,
For th' Country, City, to be ſure the Court.

An Epigram on this ſaying,
Quot capita, tot ingenia.

SO many Heads ſo many Wits, fie, fie,
It is a ſhame for Proverbs thus to lie:
For I, though my acquaintance be but ſmall
Know many heads that have no wit at all.

On

On a falling Meteor.

ONe ſeeing a Meteor fall down when an Aſtronomer was taking the height of a Star with a *Jacobs-ſtaff*, cryed out unto him, O well ſhot I faith.

The Aſtronomers at no Star ever ſhot,
Though a Meteor fell, and ſeem'd this Artiſts lot;
The poor Star-gazer with a hungry belly,
Oft-times is forc'd to gape for ſuch a jelly.

On a Gentleman and his Wife.

A Conceited Gentleman ſeeing his wife in a very ſullen Mood, asked her how ſhe did, ſhe anſwered him that ſhe was not ſick, nor yet very well. Nay (quoth he) then I may even turn thee out of doors, for I only promiſed when I married thee, to cheriſh thee in ſickneſs and in health, which anſwer frighted her out of her ſullen humours.

It cannot in the leaſt be thought a ſin:
To turn her out of doors, will not keep in:
Nor ſick, nor well, to me's a monſtrous riddle
Not to be tun'd, play on another fiddle.

On

On a pair of foul Boots.

A Gentleman being hasty of his Journey, his friend was over curious in making clean of his boots, the Gentleman jestingly desired him to leave off, for said he, the old dirt will serve to keep out the new.

On a Jealous Man.

ONe was so conceited of his being a Cuckold, that he grew extream melancholy, and consequently sick, whereupon a friend of his that came to visit him, asked him where he thought his distemper was, whither in Head, Stomach, *&c.* he answered that he was only troubled with a bad Liver, meaning his Wife, who as he imagined was a little too light in the Ballance.

The Yellows questionless is without cure,
Such a fond Husband Women can't endure.
Let them cornute them, that's the way to please,
A Bucks horn'd Cuckold finds the greatest ease.

Of two at Bowls. A Bull.

TWo being together at Bowls, in reckoning of their Games, they wrangled with each other,

other, one of them deeply ſwearing that it was ſo, the other ſaid, how horribly doſt thou ſwear, it is a great mercy that the Bowling-green doth not fall about thy ears.

Rub, rub and a good caſt, keep in your wits,
You that ſo ſcrue your bodies for your hits.
Bowl well and do not ſwear, be not ſuch ſharks,
Then when the Green or Skie falls expect Larks.

On the unlacing of a Rabbet.

ONe that (as they uſe to ſay) was but a meer Schollar, who being at the Table with certain Ladies, they concluded privately to make ſome ſport with them, wherefore one of them ſent him a Rabbet, deſiring him to unlace it, he ſcarce knowing the term, leſs how to perform her deſire, took out of the Rabbet the Kidneys, and putting them on a trencher, ſent them to her, deſiring her to pardon him, for though he had not unlaced it, yet he had unbuttoned it for her Ladiſhip.

The buttons to the Lady that were ſent,
Though that he could not carve, did repreſent
Such knacks of nature ſtated in their place
Would make her Madamſhip for to unlace.

An Epitaph on a Cobler.

COme hither read my gentle friend,
And here behold a Coblers end:
Longer in length his Life had gone,
But that he had no Laſt ſo long.
O mighty Death whoſe power can kill,
The Man that made him Souls at will.

How many ſorts of Cuckolds.

THere are three ſeveral ſorts of Cuckolds.

1. A Goat-Cuckold, who is abuſed, and doth not think of it, for his Horns grow like thoſe of the Goat, quite backward, and ſo out of ſight, out of mind.

2. An Aſs-Cuckold, who taking the ſhadow of his Ears for his Horns, thinks himſelf a Cuckold but he is not.

3. A Ram Cuckold, who knows he hath Horns, ſees them, and thinks it no diſparagement to wear them.

Theſe are the Beaſts that do the Herd adorn,
Their Wives go to the Fair, each have their Horn,
Goat, Aſs or Ram, their furniſh'd, all's their own,
A Cuckolds ne're the worſe, if't be not known.

Am.

Ambiguous Speeches.

ONe ſaid that he ſaw a Nobleman eat a Herring half an hour after his head was off. Another that he heard one ſwear a great Oath two hours after he was dead.

A Tranſlation of a Diſtick.

PIſtor erat quondam, laborando qui fregit collum,
Qui fregit collum, collum fregitque ſuum.

Tranſlated by a Scollar that made them, after this manner.

There was a Baker heretofore, with labour and great pain,
Did break his neck, and break his neck, and break his neck again.

Two Bulls.

ONe walking abroad in a clear Moon-ſhiny night, ſaid it was as fine a night as any was in *England.* Another ſwore it was as fine a night as a man ſhould ſee in a Summers day.

A

A foolish wish next of kin to a Bull.

ONe seeing a Tree full of very fair Plums, wished that he were a Crow, that he might flye into that Orchard, and fill his Pockets, and so come back again.

A Bull.

A Schollar having a very little Study, and some of his friends desiring him to let them see it, he said, I faith Gentlemen, if you go all in, it will not hold you.

On a Bull.

SOme being talking concerning Bulls, and the like, one of them averred, that there was as much wit shewed in breaking of a Bull, so it were voluntarily do[illegible], as in the best Jest; which speech another confirming, said, it was harder to speak good nonsence, than bad good sence.

A Proverb.

HE that is fit to drink Wine, must have Sugar on his Beard, his Eyes in his Pockets, and his Feet in his Hands.

On a Barber.

A Barber, none of the experteſt, ſhaving of a lean man, put his finger into his mouth to bend out the hollow Cheek, that he might do it (as he thought) more conveniently, but by neglect cutting his own finger through the fellows cheek, at the ſight of his own blood he was ſo exaſperated, that he hit the poor blind fellow a box on the ear, ſaying, A pox on your thin chops, thus to make me cut my finger.

This bungling Barber was a ſawcy Cur,
Who cut the fellows cheek without demur;
Then for the ſnip of's finger, gives a box,
His throat ſo cut, he'd ne're have ſaid a Pox.

An Alderman's Bull.

SAys an Alderman to the reſt of his Brethren, we need not doubt our cauſe in Law, if we can but prove *Henry* the ſecond to have been before *Henry* the firſt.

Another Bull of the ſame Aldermans:

HE had heard a Schollar ſay (as once *Eraſmus*) that it was one of thoſe Geeſe that ſaved

ſaved the *Roman* Capitol, the Jeſt being applauded by the Company, the Alderman himſelf ſaid it afterwards of an old Hen, that ſhe was one of thoſe that ſaved the Capitol.

A Travelling Bull.

ONe being to take a journey into the Country was adviſed by a friend of his, not to go that day, for certainly (quoth he) it will rain, puh (replies the other) you may take your Journey, it is no matter for rain, ſo that it hold but up under-foot.

A Hornified Bull.

A Townſman of *Cambridge* ſpeaking of his former Wife, ſaid thus: If a man firſt marry a whore, and after death an honeſt woman, am I a Cukold then?

A Bull.

ONe ſaid of a man that pinched his belly to ſave his money, that he lived by the Air like a Cormorant.

Another.

A Gentleman deſcribing a couple that were married privately, ſaid, that they were married without a Wedding.

A Bull on a Wenches Honeſty.

ONe was praiſing of a Wenches Honeſty, whom a ſtander by knew to be a whore, wherefore he ſaid to him, is ſhe honeſt, pray had ſhe never a Child? the firſt anſwered him, indeed ſhe had a Child, but it was a very little one.

Two Bulls.

A Schollar had been walking in the Fields, and coming home again, ſaid, this wind is the inconſtanteſt thing that is in the Earth, I walkt outright half a mile, and it blew directly in my face; I no ſooner returned but it blew on my back. The ſame freſhman coming into the Colledge Kitchin, choſe out of the Skillet for his own dinner, the ſwimming Eggs (which are moſt commonly the worſt) being ask'd why he did ſo, becauſe (ſaid he) theſe ſhould be Duck-Eggs by their ſwimming.

A

A Clowns Bull.

A Country Clown having a friend to ſpeak with at Chirurgeons Hall, ſeeing of a mans Skin tanned, ſaid, that that Skin would make excellent good Bucks-Leather Gloves.

Tipling Bulls.

A Fellow whoſe cup was overfilled, and ſo delivered to him, did once or twice very gingerly ſip thereof, whereat the Company laughing, he ſaid Gentlemen, it was too full before, but now it is very fair, and ſo he drank off all the reſt. The ſame man another time ſwore that he drank once as good Beer as ever he did in his Life.

A Martial Bull.

ONe having a Son that was an unthrift, ordered him for to go for a Souldier in the Low-Countries; A friend of his meeting him, told him that he heard he would go Volunteir, I, I, quoth the intended Souldier much againſt my will.

A Drowſi Bull.

ONe complaining how little ſleep he enjoyed the night before, ſaid, I could not ſleep the laſt night between twelve and of the clock, for two hours together.

A Tutors Bull.

A Tutor reprehending ſome of his Schollars, for too much addicting themſelves to go into the water, ſaid that he would have none to venture to go into the water untill they could ſwim very well.

A fooliſh drunken reſolve.

TWo Schollars having been upon a tipling bout, &c. about 8. or 9. reſolved to go to the Colledge and ſtudy like Horſes, to which purpoſe they agreed to lock each other into their Studies.

Two Bulls.

A Country Curate asking of a young Schollar to which Univerſity he intended to go, the Schollar anſwered him to *Cambridge*,

That

That is a very unhealthful place, ſaid the Curate, for I think if I had lived there till this time, I had been dead five years ſince. A company were talking of an impudent woman that had hit her Husband in the teeth with his Horns, one amongſt them ſaid, what a fool was he to let his Wife know that he was a Cuckold.

Another.

TWo travelling on the way, they came to a very narrow path, where one of them doubting that they had gone amiſs, becauſe of the narrowneſs of the Track; the other anſwered, piſh, It is as great a Road of a Path-way, as ever you went ſince you were born.

A Bull.

IN the Night time, a Schollar chanced to be locked out of the Colledge Gates, wherefore he knockt; a Friend of his that heard him came to the Gates, of whom he deſired that he would go to the head of the houſe to get the Keys, he being on the inſide anſwered, that he had beſt to go himſelf, for he feared he ſhould not prevail.

A Bull on a wild Duck.

A Gentleman being at the Table where there was a very fat wild Duck, he ſaid, he thought the Duck was crambed, at which the company falling a laughing, one of them asked him who ſhould cramb the Duck, he anſwered them, the man in the Moon.

A Bull on Blackberries.

ONe told his Companion, that he had this year already ſeen Red Blackberries, how can that be poſſibly, ſaith the other, why replies he, are they not Red when they are Green?

On a Welch Miniſter.

A Welch Miniſter being to preach on a Sunday, certain merry Companions got him into a Cellar to drink a luſty Mornings Draught, and in the mean ſpace pickt his Notes out of his Pocket. He being fluſtered, not in the leaſt doubting but that he had them, got up into the Pulpit, where after he had ended his Prayer, he miſt his Notes, wherefore he ſaid, my good Neighbours, I have loſt my Sermon, but I will read you a Chapter in *Job* ſhall be worth two of it.

To fox this preaching Britain was a ſin,
Then ſteal his Notes, he knew not to begin
Nor make an end, but for that ſure ſupply
O'th' Chapter, or a ready Homily.

Of a Schollar.

A Schollar as he was blowing the fire in a Winter night, his Bellows Noſe fell off, Gentlemen, quoth he, it muſt needs be cold weather when the Bellows Noſe doth drop.

We need not for the cold for to devine,
A red Noſe turned blew's a perfect ſign;
Or when we do put on our Coat of Male
Againſt both Froſt and Snows, a Toaſt and Ale.

On one that wore but one Spur.

ONe being jeer'd on the way for wearing but of one Spur, ſaid, that if one ſide of his Horſe went on, it was not likely that the other would ſtay behind.

This Schollar was ith' right, what would they have,
Him to ride poſt, he did, each ſawcy knave
Will ſpend his jeer, how would they have him ride,
One Spur did ſerve his turn for ſide and ſide.

On a Sea-man.

A Seaman being moſt dangerouſly affrighted with a moſt horrible tempeſt, did promiſe and vow, that if ever he came to ſhore, that he would reform and amend his wicked life and converſation, and that he would eat no more powder Beef; for that it cauſed him to drink ſo much. The weather being calm, and the ſhore recovered, as ſoon as ever he had ſtept on it, he cryed out, not without Muſtard, not without Muſtard.

Thus we proteſt and vow, but ne're perform,
when we're afflicted with a Jonah's *ſtorm,*
But once becalmed, and wafted to the ſhore,
We drink, we ſwear, and are pox'd with a Whore.

On a Gentleman and a Townſmans Wife.

A Gentleman coming to a Townſmans Wife, enquired of her very earneſtly for her Huſband, telling her withall, that he was certainly faln into the fire; ſhe askt him whether he was drunk, he giving no anſwer, ſhe made haſte to look, and finding no ſuch matter, demanded what ſhould make him think ſo? Why (quoth he) there is ſuch a ſtink of horns before the door, that

that I would have ſworn that your Husband had burnt his Head.

This was not civilly done, for that he might
Have put the Townſmans Wife into a fright,
But he miſtook himſelf, a woman ſcorns
To fix ſuch branchers can be burnt for horns.

On a Schollar.

A Schollar having brought his Tutor an Exerciſe in Proſe, he diſlik'd it, and bade him turn it into Verſe, the next day. the Schollar brought it, ſo ſaith he, now there is Rime in it, before there was neither Rime nor Reaſon.

This is not ſtrange if that we ſhould ſurvey
The ſeveral Pamphlets come forth every day;
What find we there, in ſtead of Rime or Reaſon,
The Devil and's Dam, they'r ſtuffe with nought but Treaſon.

On a ſilly young Gentlewoman.

A Silly Country Gentlewoman being got with Child by one that was much her inferiour, to ſave her credit, accuſed the man of a Rape; whereupon the matter was brought before a neighbouring Juſtice of Peace, who eaſily perceiving, and having before an eye in-

into [illegible]neſs: after he had heard her complaint, how deeply ſhe had been injured, as pitying her, he ſaid, alaſs poor Gentlewoman, I warrant this was not the firſt time that the Rogue raviſhed you, ſhe to aggravate his crime, replied, no I'll be ſworn he raviſhed me above twenty times, which procured much laughter, and the fellows freedom.

This Gentlewoman was extreamly out,
To prove a Rape i'th Law, its a great doubt;
Sure twenty Rapes put her to wondrous pain,
Hee'd wiſh'd her, he raviſh'd her, he raviſh'd her a-
(again.

On a Country man.

THis Country-man went to the Univerſity of *Oxford* to ſee his young Landlord, who was there a Student. And having found him diſcourſing amongſt Schollars, he ſaid he would give twenty pounds his Son were ſo good a Schollar as he, wouldſt thou, replies the young Landlord, who was the Schollar, it hath coſt my Father five hundred pounds. Hath it ſo, ſaid the Country-man, then you and your Father are moſt damnably cheated.

Theſe Country Hobnails uſe to value more
Their Teems and Swine than all the Golden Ore
Of

Of Learnings dowry, tell them of a Poet
They'll ſwear he'll ne're be rich, too well we know it.

Of one who had long hair

A Gentleman calling after one that had long Hair, and he not hearing him at the firſt or ſecond call, he askt him whether his ears were lockt.

Since ſome of late have danced the French Gig,
Left no Hair of their own, they need a Wig.
And what think you this Alamode doth follow
Faith ſuch a deafneſs, one muſt hoop and hollow.

On a Coachman.

A Company of meery fellows took a Noblemans Coachman that was at leaſure to carry them from the Half-Moon in the Strand to the three Kings Ordinary in Fleet-ſtreet, they being all of them reſolved to part with no money. Before they came to the three Kings Ordinary, they every one of them leapt over the Boots: the people though they ſaw them, took no further notice, otherwiſe than to laugh at them. The merry Frolickers only croſſed the way, and went to an Alehouſe juſt againſt the three Kings. The Coachman drove

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on till he came thither, and there ſtopt; but before he came out of the Box, he cryed Maſters, Maſters; but no Maſters anſwering, he leapt out of the Coach-box, and looking into the Coach (which was marvellous rich) and finding all things ſafe and well there, he thankt God (as Coach-men and Car-men uſe to do) and skipping again nimbly into his Coach-box, he drove away as if the Devil had been in him, for fear leſt he ſhould have been too late to have attended on his Lord, his ſhame and vexation not ſuffering him ſo much as to look back, though the people called to him, and laugh'd at him as loud as poſſibly they could; methinks I ſtill hear the Coach-man expreſs his diſaſter to this effect.

What, Maſters, Maſters, ſhall I ſet you down.
Oh God they're dumb, I'm hindred with this Gown:
I'll leap to ſee, ah me; faith all is well,
The Devil ſhall drive them next for me to Hell.

On a Schollar that had ſore Legs.

A Schollar keeping of his Chamber very cloſe, by reaſon of his ſore Legs, was askt by one how he could keep in ſo much, having ſuch running Legs.

His

His Legs were ſore, and therefore they did run
But no ſuch pace t'obſerve from Sun to Sun,
For ſuch a race we can't call many ſcore,
Nor could he win that ne're went out oth' door.

Of a young man and a Doctor.

A Meer Puny being in a Bowling Green, where there was a grave Doctor at Bowls; the Doctor ſaid, that he ſhould win the Caſt, the young upſtart hearing him, ſaid, I'll lay half a dozen on it.

Indeed you were too ſawcy my young Cozen,
With the grave Doctor to lay half a dozen;
Theſe had been dangerous words had ſome been by
In the Rump-days they'd made his Living ſlye.

On a Souldier whoſe ſtones were cut out.

A Scholar hearing of a begging Souldier complain that he parted with his Stones at the Iſle of *Rea*, did thus bemoan him.

Ille dolet vere qui ſine teſte dolet.
Alas poor Souldier 'twas a ſtrange miſchance,
Like to the reſt which ſome receive from France;
There thou didſt loſe thy Stones, but ſome we ſee
Without their Noſes, Loſt like the Iſle of Rea.

Of

Of a Tyler

A Tyler and his man were together at work upon a houſe, when the rafters breaking, his man fell down through the roof; the Tyler looking after him, ſaid, I like a fellow that will go through his work.

This jeering Tyler vapoured like a Turk,
Made no diſtinction of go, or fall through's work:
Should one have askt him what he'd take a day
To go through's work ſo, he'd refuſe his pay.

Of the Sea between England *and* Holland.

ONe diſcourſing that it is a dangerous Sea between *England* and *Holland*, Another ſaid he never knew one drown'd there in his life; no replies he, I ſay, *A. M.* came over from *Holland* to *England*, and was drowned by the way.

Thoſe Seas were lately dangerous, now we may,
Since the late happy peace, ſafely diſplay
Our ſpreading Canvas, But for A. M. *drown'd*
How could't be ſo, when he kept on dry ground.

Of

Of a Prisoner at Newgate.

A Prisoner at Newgate missing his Purse, looking about on his fellow Prisoners, said, how now Gentlemen, what have we Thieves amongst our selves.

This Squire of Newgate's troubled for his Purse,
Not to be hang'd, which some think somewhat worse,
'Tis pity Sir indeed but you should have
Honester Societies, when you're such a Knave.

On a Welshman at Cambridge.

AT a Stage-play in *Cambridge*, a *Cornishman* was brought forth to wrestle with four *Welshmen*, one after another, and when he had put them all to the worst, he called out aloud, have you any more *Welshmen*? which words one of the Scholars, being himself of the *British* Nation, resented so furiously, that he leapt upon the Stage, and threw the *Cornish-man*, and in the like manner called out aloud, have you any more *Cornish-men*?

Vex not a Cambro-Britain, *splutter nails,*
When her blouds up, her courage never fails,
Had th'other Welshmen been as angry too,
They'd thrown that Country without more to do.

On a Lecturer.

A Gentleman being at a Sermon, where a dull fellow preached almoſt all his Auditory out of the Church, ſaid that he made a very moving Sermon.

A more ſtrange obſervation now doth hold,
For if the ſeveral Churches were but told.
Where the beſt Sermons preached are, we may
Say there's the ſame ſwift motion at this day.

Of an Old Man and a Judge.

NOt long ſince there was an Old Man brought before a Judge to be a witneſs of an antient cuſtome of a Pariſh, which was at that time controverted: The Judge therefore in his examination inquired of him how many years old he was; he anſwered, one and threeſcore; the Judge endeavouring to put him out of countenance, ſaid, and why not threeſcore and one (as indeed the greateſt number ſhould be put firſt) the old witneſs replied, becauſe (may it pleaſe your Lordſhip) I was one before I was threeſcore.

The

The different ways of numbring the Play-bill
Stuck on the posts, those may observe that will;
What's the Antipathy the Players mean,
They can no more express, than write a Scene.

Of two Schollars requiting of each others Kindness.

A Certain Schollar had occasion to make use of a Book which he wanted, wherefore he sent to another for to borrow it for a short time, but he sent him word that he could not lend his Book out of doors, but he might come and read as long as he pleased. The other Schollar waited a requital for this Jeer, which was thus offered: Two days after the other sent to him to borrow his Bellows, he sent him word, indeed he could not lend his Bellows out of doors, but he might come to his Chamber and blow as long as he would.

It was but quit pro quo with learned fellows,
One would not lend his Book, th'other his Bellows:
But here the difference lies, never to look
To hav't return'd if that you lend a Book.

On a Biſhop bearing Arms.

A Biſhop that had bore Arms againſt his King, was by him taken and kept priſoner: whereupon the Pope writ to the King, that he had much violated the priviledge of the Holy Church, in keeping one of his Sons Captive. The King upon ſight of the Popes Letters, ſent back to him the Armour in which the Biſhop was taken, with theſe words, *Vide num hæc ſit veſtis filii tui*: See (I pray) if this be the Habit of one of your Sons.

'Tis not long ſince the Prieſts preach'd bloud O Lord
Revenge oth' Covenant breakers with the Sword;
They march'd themſelves for to defend the cauſe,
'Gainſt God, the Church, the King, the State & Laws.

On a Cambridge *Townſman.*

A Townſman of *Cambridge* being in company with Schollars, and hearing them diſcourſe, would needs intermingle to ſhoot his fools bolt amongſt them, and told them that though they were Schollars, yet could he tell as well as any of them, what was Latin for any part of a mans body; yea, ſays one of them, prithee what is Latin for a Townſmans Head: the Townſman pro-

producing his Almanack, lookt on the Anatomy and answered *Aries*, at which the Company laughing, he swore that if it were not *Aries*, that it was *Taurus*.

This was a learned Townsman, what he said
If rightly English'd did pertain to th' head.
Not unto his head alone, jeering, Sirs you
Think it false Latin, though you prove it true.

On the Tragedy of Messalina, *which like that of* Cambises *is not without some delectable mirth.*

A Pedagogue which pretended to Dramatick Poetry, writ a Play, which he called the Tragedy of *Messalina*; in which, amongst many other impertinencies and improbabilities, he brings in *Messalina* with a Pistol, which was not above 200 years before they were invented, you may very well imagine then that she could not otherwise chuse, when she was living, but do dreadful execution.

Qui mihi Discipulus, puer es cupis atque doceri,
To read your Play through I was wondrous weary,
The next time Sir, your Empress is to rage,
Let the more antique Pot-gun clear the Stage.

Of a Schollar.

A Maſter of a Colledge ſeeing one of the foundation clad with an extreme ſhort Gown, reprehended him ſharply, and told him that it was a diſparagement to the whole ſociety, for him to go accoutred ſo ridiculouſly. Good Sir, replies the fellow, have patience a while, for it will be long enough I'll warrant you before I have another.

Have patience ſaid the man with Learning ſtrong,
Though his Gown was too ſhort, he prov'd it long,
Not like Scotch Petticoats which ſhew their Smocks,
And when they ſtoop to waſh, their fowler Docks.

Of Scotus.

A Certain Nobleman ſitting at the Table, oppoſite to *Scotus* that writ on the Sentences a moſt learned Engliſhman, amongſt other diſcourſe merrily asked him, what was the difference betwixt *Sot* and *Scot*, he anſwered, Nothing but the Table, Sir.

A nimble Joke that hath a quick remove
Is well digeſted, entertain'd with love;
But take this for a certain rule oth' Wits

They'r

They'r for collateral Jeers, not downright Hits:
To taint ones blood, tax ones good name's a crime,
An Earnest Jest's neither good prose nor rime.

Of a Womans desire.

A Gentlewoman when her Husband was carving at the Table, desired him to give her a slap of the Cony, her Husband answered her, how now Wife, what before all this Company.

An ingennous Answer.

WHen *Julian* the Apostate in scorn demanded of a blind man, why he went not to *Galilee* to recover his Eye-sight, he made this answer, No, I am contented with my blindness, that I may not see such a Tyrant as thou art.

Two more.

ONe asking *Diogenes* the Cynick, what he would have to take a cuff on the Ear, he answered a Helmet. Another time walking in the Fields, and seeing of a man shooting very unskilfully, he went and sate down very near the mark, some asking him why he did so, he answered,

Leſt peradventure he ſhould hit me.

A Miſtake in Reading.

ONe reading in the Pſalms, *he ſhall flouriſh like a green bay (tree* following) turned over two leaves, and read on, *Horſe and Mule, in which is no underſtanding.*

A quick anſwer.

A Noblemans Skull being asked how he came by ſo much Wit, being but of ſuch a mean Imployment, he anſwered, where ſhould the Wit be, but in the Skull.

A Welſh Conſtruction.

A Schollar examining a Welſhman who was alſo a Schollar in Meteoro-Logicks, asked him, *quid is capra ſultaus?* The Welſhman anſwered in Engliſh, that it was a capring Gout.

Of Piſcator.

A Schollar being to take his Degree for Batchelour of Divinity, in Diſputations ſlighted the Authority of *Piſcator*, with theſe words, *Audio Apoſtolum*, not *Piſcatorem*, the

the Moderator answered him, why *fuit Apostolus Piscator.*

Of a Sluggard.

A Fellow that used to lie long a bed every Morning, got up by chance about Sun-rising; wherefore he told one that the Sun rise earlier that morning than it had done for five years before.

On a House of Office.

ONe writ upon one, *Here are Farts to be Let.*

Of two young Schollars.

A Young Schollar was very much perplexed, for that in all his Dictionary, he could not find what was Latin for *Aqua-vitæ.* Another was very much troubled, because he could not find Latine for a Noble.

Of a Quarrel between two Schollars.

A Schollar being big and tall of stature, quarrelling with another, that was much less than himself, the latter said, a great Clown, were

were he cut in two, he would make three of me.

A Countrymans anſwer to a Miniſter.

AN ignorant Country fellow being told by his Miniſter, that he muſt defie the world, the Fleſh, and the Devil, made this Anſwer, Sir, I hope you will pardon me in that, your Worſhip knows me to be but a poor man, and therefore it becomes not me to defie any one.

Of a poor Souldier.

A Captain ſeeing a poor Souldier march ſweating in a Winter Morning, askt him how he could ſweat in ſuch cold weather? the Souldier anſwered him with an *Omnia mea mecum porto*, marry Captain, if you carried all your goods on your back as I do, you would ſweat as well as I.

Of a Country Fellow.

A Country Fellow coming into *Cheapſide*, took up a Waſter and a Buckler to play with an Apprentice; the Apprentice haſted his Coat ſoundly, breaking his Head, *&c.* The Country Fellow caſting down the Waſter, ſaid, that if he had

had not thought that the Apprentice would ſtill have ſtruck upon the Buckler, ſome body ſhould have play'd with him, not he.

On a Boy ſerving in a Piggs Head.

A Certain company of Gentlemen were met together at dinner, at a friend's Houſe, where a Boy was ſerving in a Piggs Head to the Table, in a foul diſh; for which his Maſter being very angry with him, reprehended him moſt bitterly for it: one of the ſtanders by excuſed the Boy in this manner; Faith ſaid he, you need not be ſo angry, for the Diſh is ſo clean, that the Boy may ſee his face in it.

Of a young Barber.

A Young Barber coming to trim a Gentleman, the Gentleman asked him what was become of his Maſter (who was wont to trim him; Sir, quoth the Shaver, my Maſter hath left off Shop-keeping, and hath turned your Worſhip over to me.

Of a Lobſter being ſhot.

A Company of Inland Cockneys ſhot a living Lobſter, which was let fall on the High way

way for a Serpent, and made a ſolemn thanks-giving (if you will believe it) for their deliverance from it. One of them being ſomewhat wiſer than the reſt, took up the Serpent, and invited the Miniſter of the Pariſh to dine with him, who being derided for his errour, ſaid, that in all his life-time he never ſaw a black Lobſter before.

A miſtake in a Mans Name.

A Fellow was ſent of a Meſſage to one whoſe name was *Anckeeild:* And that he might the better remember his Name, he was bid to remember the ancle of his Leg, he went on his Errand, and coming to the place where he lived, miſtook Ankle, and enquired for one Mr. Calf.

Of a Spaniſh *Cheater.*

A *Spaniſh* Cheater had gotten him under wide hanging Sleeves a pair of falſe Arms, which he artificially lifting up in the time of prayer, did with his true Arms (if ſo I may call them) cut the purſes of all the Votaries that were near him.

On the preſenting of a Pidgeons Leg.

ONe at the Table having given a Pidgeons Leg to one (he ſmelling to it to try if it were ſweet) was reproved by him that carved it for him, who ſaid it was not fit for him to ſmell a gift-horſe in the mouth.

Of a Miſer gathering Wool.

A Rich Miſer was often obſerved to go abroad in the Fields to pick Wool, which having done, he would put it into his Breeches, leſt his covetous trade ſhould be diſcovered, which not long after was, wherefore ſome in waggery put Wool full of Lice on the Hedges where he was wont to gather it, which knavery when he had to his grief found out, he quickly left off his deſign of Wool-picking.

On two Welſhmen.

A Welſhman ſeeing of the Moon ſhine into the bottom of a Well, ſaid, that there was a Sheeze in the Well. Another Welſhman ſeeing the Moon ſhine in a Pool, ran home, and ſwore that the Pool was on fire.

Of one that ſpake very big.

ONe being about to deſcribe one that ſpake very big, ſaid, that he had a Bow-bell in his mouth.

On a Tatling Wench.

ONe hearing of a Tatling Wench, ſaid, that her Tongue ran upon Wheels, another ſaid that ſhe had her Tongue at her fingers ends.

On a Fat Man.

ONe ſeeing a Fat Man, whoſe Legs were ſwoln with drinking, ſaid that his Body was like a Hogſhead ſet upon two Flagons.

On the Roman Julia.

Julia the Daughter of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, being gravely admoniſhed by a friend of hers, that ſhe ſhould compoſe her ſelf to the Example of her Fathers temperance and frugality; ſhe anſwered, he forgets himſelf to be *Cæſar*, but I remember my ſelf to be *Cæſar's* Daughter.

A ridiculous speech.

A Gentleman being newly come from *London*, another asked him how such a friend of his fared, who was then there, the other answered him that he did not see him; No (replies he) why did you not find him out, what sayes he, seek a man there, seek a man in a bottle of Hay.

On Populia.

Populia was a luxurious woman, who when one of her friends said, that he wondred why beasts never use to couple with their Mates but when they desire to conceive with young (whereas 'tis otherwise in women) she answered, because they are beasts.

On a Phœnix.

ONe reported that he had seen a Phœnix in his Travels: A Phœnix, one askt him in the company, whether it were a Cock or a Hen Phœnix.

Of

Of a Glutton.

ONe beholding a Glutton falling hard to his Victuals, ſaid, that he devoured his meat like a *Hannibal*.

Another on a Glutton.

A Glutton being to encounter his enemy, was encouraged by a Spectator to fall on, who told him that he need not to doubt of the Victory, for to his knowledge he was armed with the better ſtomach.

On Mr. Benjamin Jonſon.

MR. *Jonſon* Poet Laureat of our times, being merry with his friends at a glaſs of Wine and a Barrel of Oyſters at the Martin Tavern near *Charing Croſs*, looking out of the Window, chanced to ſpit one of them Wallflit Oyſters into the mouth of a Country Gentleman who was gazing at that ſtrange Sign with his chops wide open: The Gentleman reſented the abuſe ſo hainouſly, as that he marking well that window which was towards the ſtreet, he ran with his Sword drawn into the Chamber where Mr. *Jonſon* and his friends were, demanding who

who it was that had given him that abuſe: One ſaid it was not he, another that he did it not, Mr. *Jonſon* riſing from the Table ſwore by-----that it was he; the Gentlemen askt him what reparation or amends he would make him for that affront, ſayes Mr. *Jonſon*, I will tread it out again, the Gentleman being pacified with the quickneſs of the conceit, was afterwards merry, and better acquainted with Mr. *Jonſon* and his friends.

I ſhall be here ſo ſerious as not to take any further notice of this Jeſt; but rather of a ſhort Inſcription to Mr. *Jonſon's* Memory, written on a little ſtone in one of the Long-walks of *Weſtminſter* Abbey, the words are theſe,

O Rare Ben Jonſon.

The Gentleman who was at this ſmall coſt (as he might be ſome poor Cavalier) is altogether unknown to me, perhaps his purſe-ſtrings could not ſtretch further, or elſe he might do it out of an Ironie to the Court, that did not afford him a ſtatelier Monument: I ſhall only make bold to affix theſe few lines

What though our Nation could afford no room
Neer Chaucer, Spencer, Draiton, *for thy Tomb;*
What's here ordain'd is for thy honour more
Than Pyres erect, or Marbles gilded ore;
Where when our Epitaphs cannot expreſs
Thy worth in writing more, we muſt write leſs

Of a Welſhman.

A Welſhman that had been at the Aſſizes, ſeeing the Priſoners hold up their hand to the Bar, coming thence, ſaid, That they were very good Fortune-tellers, for do but hold up hur hand, and they was tell hur whether hur ſhall live or die:

Had hur Urſhips fortune in that way been told,
That hur Welſh paw hur up uth' Bar ſhould hold,
And afterwards found guilty, Taffe *defend,*
Such fortune-telling would bring hur to a ſad end.

A Miſtake recovered.

ONe that was a Journey-man uſed to go before his Miſtreſs once on a Sunday very formally to Church, only to bring her thither, and ſo to leave her with the Apprentice to come home with her again: he having appointed that Afternoon to be merry at *Iſlington* with ſome of his Comrades, who were to meet him there at the Katherine-wheel, every one of them ſo furniſhed with one thing or other, as to make up a luſty Collation. As ſoon as his Miſtreſs was in her Pew, he had like to have committed a grand miſtake, inſtead of her Bible he was a go-

ing

ing to deliver her an *Iſlington* Neats-tongue, which he had wrapt up in a brown-paper; but as good fortune would have it, he recollected himſelf ſuddenly, recovered it again, and put it under his Arm: She being almoſt angry, askt him what was the reaſon he did not give her the Bible, forſooth he replied, that was mine, and ſo delivered her the Bible in the green Bag, and kept his in the brown paper.

Faith head-man of the Shop you were put to't,
I wonder with what imp'dence you could do't;
Are Neats-tongues Bibles, ſo's a Pye a Cuſtard,
Such ſtrange Devotions go beſt down with Muſtard.

Of a Jealous Man.

A Certain man that was ſomewhat too jealous of his Wife, uſed oftentimes wh n ſhe walkt abroad to follow her, and watch her whither ſhe went, which ſhe ſeveral times perceiving, was ſo highly incenſed, that ſhe roundly told him, that if he uſed ſo continually to look after her, that ſhe would clap ſuch a pair of Horns on his Front, that for the future he ſhould not be able to put his Head out of doors.

Some Jealouſie hath ſplit upon the Rock
Of curs'd ſuſpition, the Italian Lock

Their Wives muſt wear, through which they gave
leave to piſs,
That's all, cornute ſuch miſcreants hit or miſs;
For 'tis a certain truth though long ſince ſaid,
Horns in the mind are worſe than on the head.

On an Artichoak Cryer.

A Wench offered an Arm full of Artichoaks to a Shop-keeper, he told her that he had no occaſion for them, and that he would not buy them, Pray Maſter ſaid ſhe, be pleaſed to have them, he replyed that he would not; truly Maſter ſaid ſhe, you muſt have them, for I know not what to do with them, and ſo threw a company of withered Artichoaks into his ſhop, and away ſhe run, it being to no purpoſe to offer to call her back again.

What would you have this wench go up and down
With that ſame wither'd armfull through the town,
She'd learnt more wit, ſhe gave that ware away
Could not be ſold, but loſe her that whole day.

On one that would borrow Money.

A Gameſter having loſt all his Money, came to one of his acquaintance, who at that time lay upon the bed in that room, and jogging him ſaid

ſaid, Sir, if you are not aſleep be pleaſed to lend me five ſhillings, faith ſayes the other, I am faſt aſleep.

Faith faſt aſleep he dreamt, and was unwilling
To be awak't to part with but one ſhilling.
Who lends unto the Looſer number five
At's riſing or down-lying will ne're thrive.

On a Pig flying.

THe Scolars had got a trick, their Caſement being opened, with a hook faſtened to the end of a piece of Whipcord, to ſerk up a Hen when they had occaſion to pleaſe their appetites, inſomuch that they had purloined all the Poultry that a poor woman had that lived hard by them, ſhe being never a whit the wiſer, ſo as in the leaſt wiſe to conceive in what manner ſhe loſt them. At length the Schollars perceiving that ſport was at an end, they reſolv'd to venture ſtill on a young Pig, and to that purpoſe got them ſtronger tools. They had quickly got the Pig half way up to the window, but he made ſuch a curſed ſqeaking, that the old woman came out, who perceiving of their knavery, Ay me, ſaid ſhe, this is more than ordinary, I never did think otherwiſe but that my Hens did fly away, but I could never in my life believe what

I now ſee, that a Pig ſhould fly: with which Jeſt after their Tutors were acquainted, the Schollars were forced to pay in earneſt, the old woman being very well ſatisfied for her Poultry.

Theſe Schollars were caught napping, like Moſſes *Mare,*
The old woman brought them in their bill of fare;
When all your Poultry's flown think on this gig,
And get them paid for with a fleying Pig.

Of a Strumpet got with Child.

A Strumpet would have fathered a Child on *Ariſtippus*, to clear himſelf he ſaid, that ſhe might as well ſay, if ſhe went through a hedge of Thorns, that this Thorn prickt her.

On a Quaker.

ON a *Shrove-Tueſday*, as the cuſtom is, they uſe for to throw at Cocks; A Prentice that was a rigid Quaker ſtood in the *Strand* (amongſt the reſt of the wicked crew) to ſee them throw at a Cock; it happened that the ſecond ſtick that was thrown (inſtead of hitting the Cock) being heavie, and delivered with a ſtrong Arm, hit the Quaker as he was gaping (indeed for no preferment) ſuch a blow on his Teeth, that

that it broke moſt of them half off on the upper and lower rows. One that ſtood by him asked him what he had to do to ſtand there, and withall, told him that it was a juſt judgement that was laid on him for ſpending his time ſo idlely to ſee ſuch a cruel unlawfull game: he liſping through the preſent loſs of his teeth, into which by reaſon that the wind had gotten, he was in a great deal of pain, ſaid, I do juſtly deſerve this affliction, for it is not lawful for me to keep a ſociety with the wicked, but more eſpecially on a *Shrove-Tueſday.*

My trembling Brother this was not a ſight
In which thou ſhouldſt expect to take delight;
To ſtand to ſee a wicked prophane ſhew,
Is of your teeth to loſe a double row.

Of one that wanted the Liquid Attendance at a Feaſt.

A Tenant dining at his Lords Table, could get no Liquor, wherefore he aroſe, and deſired leave to go home and drink, ſaying, that he would return again preſently.

He that doth make a feaſt muſt ever think,
That 'tis not noble for to ſpare of's drink;
I'd have the cheeks oth' Gueſt to glow with Wine,
Of a free welcome the moſt certain ſign.

A trick to fetch a Good-fellow home.

THe Good-fellows Wife told her Maid, that she was sick even unto the very death, therefore she bid her go to the Sexton and cause him to toll the Bell; and withall, she bid her to open the window, that she might her self hear it toll. Her Husband being at the Tavern with his merry companions not far off, the question was asked who the Bell tolled for, one said for such a mans Wife: what for my Wife, if it be so, sayes he, she must be suddenly faln sick, for when I went forth, which was not long since, I left her very well; I will go and see, and if it be otherwise, return again to you presently. As soon as ever he came home, the dying woman lifted up her voice aloud, the first words that she said (after her sudden recovery) were; You Cuckoldly Rascal, except you had been in hopes to have buried me, that you might have got another Wife, you would have been hanged before you would have left your drunken companions to have come home; Indeed I thought I should have died, but the very sight of your ugly self doth so vex me, that it keeps me alive; therefore I would have you, as you tender my health and welfare, to keep more at home than formerly you have done; and now you are here, before you go to your

your drunken Rogues again, pray tarry and dine: And being very careſull to live as long as ſhe could, ſhe bid her Maid to take up the Fiſh, for ſaid ſhe, I'm ſure that it is boiled enough.

He that will leave his friends and good Canary
For to come home and ask his Wife how fare ye,
Is little better than quite out of's wits,
Wives dead and bury'd, revive with ſcolding fits.

Of an Engliſh man and a French man.

AN *Engliſh man* being in the company of a *French man*, with many ſwaggering terms braving him, amongſt the reſt ſaid, that we give the Lion for our Arms, the King of all Beaſts: The *French man* anſwered him, and ſaid 'twas true, yet *Leo Gallum perhorreſcit.*

A French man durſt not theſe ſame words to have ſed
When we their Dolphin as our captive lead;
Their Creſt-faln Cock was on another ſcore,
He then crow'd low our Lyon did ſo roar.

On Mr. Butters croſſing of the Ferry.

A Bookſeller having ſome buſineſs at *Hampton Court*, was to be ferryed over, the water

water being at that time very rough, the Ferrymen perſwaded him to alight from his Horſe, which he being a teſty conceited perſon refuſed to do, and as he was uſed (in a ſtuttering manner ſometimes to ſpeak very faſt) he called them Fools, Fools. It happened ſo, whether it was through the roughneſs of the weather, or his Horſes ſtooping, that he popt into the Thames; out of which (after a pretty ſpace that he was almoſt drowned) with much ado they made a ſhift to get him, and when they came to ſhoar, they were forced to hang him up by the heels, that the great quantity of water that he had ſwallowed might be poured out of his belly out from his mouth: After they had given him a gill or two of ſtrong-water, he came again to himſelf, when inſtead of thanking God for his deliverance, (he being at that time a young finical Citizen, very neat in the wearing of his apparel) the firſt words he ſaid, (flapping his hand upon his Band) were, *Friends, is my Band wet, is my Band wet*; which queſtionleſs could not be otherwiſe, when he was ſo nigh drowning; he being forced afterwards to ſhift himſelf, and to tarry the drying of his Cloaths by a fire. Methinks in the following words I ſtill hear him asking this Queſtion.

Is my band wet, good friends, is my Band wet,
He drund good ſtore of Fiſh broth, took not pet

To

To be hang'd up by th' heels, without all doubt
Sure he was wet within, and wet without.

On the Plundering of a Book-seller.

A Book-seller liv'd in *Ourstors Alley*, where he had a little Shop, with a back room that he use to lye in; he was (to give the merry man his due) a true Royalist, one that feared no colours, but sold in those dangerous times (as they then called them) Malignant Books, and adventured as far in discourse as any man durst. It happened at that time a Broadside was printed with red Letters, that most excellently described the barbarous Murther of our late Soveraign, to my best remembrance the last line that ended every Stanza was,

King Charles *our Soveraign's Murther'd at his* (*Gate.*

This man (whereas other Book-sellers durst hardly sell this Paper privately to their friends) was so Fool-hardy, as to expose them to publick sale, hanging them openly by half dozens on a string; in so much that they covered the whole side of his Shop, so that no other Books else could be seen. A Pursevant that was in quest for this Paper, chanced to pass that way, who seeing of them hang so thick together, turning them up,

(as

(as wondring who durſt to do ſo) he ſaw the Book-ſeller ſet behind them with his fantaſtical Boat-mince-pye Cap; ſayes the Purſevant, I did not before now know where you dwelt, though I knew none but ſuch a mad man as you durſt to have adventured ſo, I am glad I have you. The Purſevant preſently ſent for a Conſtable, and ſeized upon him, and on a hundred little gilded Books of Biſhop *Halls* Contemplative Devotions; which he could not lawfully as the times were then have taken away, but that ſuch Rogues dare to do any thing: The poor Book-ſeller being kept ſo long a Priſoner, that if he had not before been almoſt undone, this diſaſter was enough utterly to ruine him. A friend of mine after he was freed, asked him what became of his gilded Books; ſayes he, as I ſtood in a withdrawing room in *Whitehall*, I ſaw that Rogue *Oliver Cromwell* Codpiece one of a ſort of every one of thoſe that were beſt bound; for the reſt, ſaid he, a Pox take the Rebels, they burnt them without any diſtinction, higgledy piggledy, the Books and the Paper together.

Whether Nol *Codpieced that we'll not decide,*
But this we're ſure, the Rebels did divide
The wealth oth' Kingdom, to encreaſe their ſtore
Made Beggars rich, for to make Rich men poor.

On a Boy like Auguſtus.

Auguſtus Cæſar Emperor of *Rome*, travelling through one of the Provinces, ſaw a Boy very like to himſelf; wherefore he asked the Boy merrily, whether his Mother was never at *Rome*; the Boy anſwered, No, but my Father was.

Every like's not th' ſame, it was not fit
A ſtriplings Jeer ſhould give ſo pat a bit;
His Father was at Rome, *and ſo was* Cæſar,
But Majeſty makes known a King from Keiſar.

On an Apprentice of the New Exchange.

AN Apprentice of the New Exchange, a very young Rogue that reſolved not to ſerve half his time out, when the reſt of his fellow Apprentices had opened their Shops, he told them that he would ſhew them ſuch a trick, the like of which they never ſaw in their lives: He bid them bring out their ſtools, and to ſet them with an equal indifferent diſtance the one from the other; they did ſo, ſetting on a row about twelve of them: O ſayes the young Rogue, I thought that you had more ſtools then to have ſet but twelve: They made haſte, and ſet out all their

ſtools

ſtools the length of the whole Exchange, they only left him a little ſpace, as they thought enough for him to take his riſe from; which pains when they had beſtowed, in requital the young Rogue told them, that they were a pack of unreaſonable Raſcals, at the firſt to ſet too few ſtools, and afterwards too many: Like a company of Fools as you are, ſaid he, make haſte and put them up before your Maſters come.

Theſe Boys ſans doubt knew not a Pig from Dog,
That thought their fellow Prentice a leap Frog;
They nimble were for to pull out their ſtools,
And were as quick to put them in like Fools.

On a Schollar ſlighted.

A Schollar either neglecting, or not ſeeing one of his former familiar acquaintance, the other ſo reſented it, that imputing it to his pride, ſaid to ſome of his company, that he ſaw me well enough, but that he would not ſo much as look on me.

To ſee and not to look is ſomewhat ſtrange,
But pride makes do diſtinction, when the change
Of due reſpects to friendſhip proves unkind
Thoſe that do ſeem to ſee, we imagine blind.

Of a Hectoring Blade.

A Mad Devil that had been out late at the old ſport of hunting the Fox, at the Roſe Tavern in *Curſiters Alley*, as he was to goe through the narrow paſſage that leads into *Fetter-lane*, in his march he met with a Chamber-pot double charged, which was thrown out of an Alehouſe that had for its cogniſance the godly Sign of the *David and Harp*. It being a Moonſhiny Night, and a new Brick Building over againſt the Alehouſe, the mad Gallant was not long a finding of a good large piece of brick-bat, which with an inraged fury he threw ſo happily, that it went thorow the ſtreet ſide, and thorow the back windows of the houſe, inſomuch that ſome of the Neigbours were ſo terrified with the noiſe, that they opened their doors to ſee what the matter was, which as ſoon as they knew, they deſired the Hectorean ſpark to throw again (for, ſaid they, it is a Bawdy-houſe) Is it ſo, ſaid he, then I am ſorrowfull for what I have already done, and do reſolve not to throw one piece of a brick-bat more.

A Bawdy-houſe! if ſo, he'd throw no more,
To break thoſe windows that were broke before.

On

On a Conſtruction.

A Scool-boy being to conſtrue that place in *Terence*, *Ventum erat ad Veſtæ*, rendred it in this manner, *Ventum* the wind, *erat* was *Veſtæ* in the Weſt, at which the School-maſter laughing, ſaid, that it was then time to hoyſt up Sayl, and withall untruſt the Boy, and trimmed his Pinnace.

This Boy ſure was not well read in's In Speech,
Whoſe falſe conſtruction coſt him a whipt Breech.

On a Gentlewoman and her Servant.

A Gentlewoman was boaſting what an overthrow ſhe had given an adverſary of hers in a Sute of Law; (yes quoth one of her Servants that ſtood by) he took the wrong Sow by the Ear when firſt he began to meddle with you.

She gain'd the Suit, nevertheleſs, how now,
No better words Clown in your mouth than Sow;
This ruſtick fellow meant not as he ſed,
The Proverb only brought his Wit to bed.

Of

Of a Tyler that fell from the top of a House.

ONe falling from the top of a house, with his weight killed a man that was under, but saved his own life, the other mans friend prosecuting the Law, and requiring *Lex talionis*, was adjudged to get up on the house, and to fall down on the Tyler.

This censure was but just, he'd not dispence
With the great myst'ry of God's Providence;
Nor durst he stand to's Lot of Lex talionis,
What if he broke his Neck, it but his own is.

Of a Gentlewoman betraying of her self.

A Gentlewoman was in company telling a tale of a Curtezan who was like to be surprized in bed with a Lord, and that they were so near put to't, that to save both their credits, the Lord was inforced to let her down at a window with one of the Sheets: in conclusion said she, the knot slipt and down fell I.

This Lord and she whose pleasures were so sweet
To dance in two, made her skip through one sheet.
When for the Curtezan she said 'twas I
Before she was aware, she did not lye.

Of one that uſed to ſing Pſalms aloud to the ſtreet-ſide.

I Shall not need to prick down the tunes that a cheating hypocritical Citizen uſed to ſing on *Sunday* nights towards the ſtreet, that his neighbours (who for all that, knew what a kind of a good Chriſtian he was) might take notice of his devout keeping of the Sabbath; for the moſt part the Pſalms his Family thought they ſung, went to the tune of hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, haw a; in the midſt of which ſinging the worlding Citizen uſed to call to his Man *John*, *John* have you enter'd down ſuch a thing, yes, ſayes he, then on they went again; but preſently another ſtop was made, whether Mr. *B*--- the Tayler had been there to pay for the ſtuffs which he had lately taken up, yes, ſayes *John*, which pleaſed him ſo well, that he ſaid, we will ſing but one ſtave more, and then you ſhall go to bed, that you may riſe betimes in the Morning.

Such Hymns they may amaze ſuch kind of men
As cannot tune Lunsford *eateth Children;*
Theſe ſtrange hum hawes when that ſuch Saints they are at,
Are ſung through th'Noſe, like Weaver in a Garret.

On

On an old Lady.

AN antient Lady was sitting at Table with company, who questioning each others age, she being desirous to be thought younger than indeed she was, said, that she was but forty years old; *Cicero* being then present, and hearing what she said, rounded him that sate next him in the ear, saying, you must believe her, for I have heard her say so any time these ten years.

This trick's not out of fashion in Cheapside
For fifteen years, till that she was a Bride
She still at thirty went, blame her not I pray,
A Virgins youth's renew'd oth' Wedding day.

On Mr. Joseph Price.

MR. *Joseph Price* for those Parts that he undertook, he performed them so well, (that withoutenvie it may be said) that he was not inferiour to any of the Dukes Play-house. It so happened that one time more especially, he having got a cup too much in his head, that he went to the wrestling place in Lincolns-Inne-Fields, where some abuse being given to a friend of his that had wrestled before, he drew his Sword, which to do there is so strangely resent-

ed, that ſuch a perſon muſt expect to be ſcurvily handled amongſt ſuch a company of miſ-underſtanding Coxcombs, who, whether the cauſe be right or wrong will never ſo much as enquire, but will be hap at a venture, hit or miſs, fall on. After the Herd had invironed Mr. *Price*, they ruſhed in ſo faſt upon him; that he had ſcarcely time, or room to ſheath up his Sword again: He perceiving that it was to no purpoſe to ſpeak to them about this their breach of priviledge, endeavoured what he could to march quite through the crowd, which made ſuch haſte to ſtare upon him, that ſome of them tumbled the one over another, asking who it was, and which was he, that they might order him; they ſo juſtled and thruſt one another upon Mr. *Price*, that they almoſt ſtifled him, inſomuch that though he had got half way over the Fieldes, he was forced to make a ſtand, as not being able to go any farther, which a friend of his perceiving, ſpoke aloud, and told them, that it was *Jo. Price*, one of the Actors at the Dukes houſe that had been that afternoon ſomewhat too much elevated with the creature, otherwiſe himſelf he was no ſuch perſon as would have offered for to draw his Sword: They all unanimouſly, as it were with one voice, ſaid, if it be our friend *Jo. Price* the Actor at the Duke's-houſe, none ſhould affront him, and that if *Jo Price* were drunk at any time, and drew

drew his Sword in the wreſtling place, none ſhould ſo much as lay a hand upon him; but if any other perſon ſhould do ſo, they would baſt him ſoundly, and make him run round like a Dog hemmed in with the Ring, untill he beſhit himſelf: So Mr. *Price* paſſed off without any further moleſtation or affront given him.

Nor was it ſtrange this wonder of the Stage
Being but nam'd ſhould ſtop the Peoples rage.

Of one taxed for falſe Latine.

A Servitor in *Cambridge* being but a piece of a Schollar, having freely preſented his Tutor an Epiſtle for a New-years-gift, he read it, and taxed him for falſe Latine in it; Sir, he replied, I thought you would not have look'd a gift Horſe in the Mouth.

Look a gift Horſe ith' mouth is as to ſay,
Find not a fault with that you do not pay:
But whoſoever is brought to that ſad paſs
To preſent falſe Latine, take him for an Aſs.

On the whipping of the blind Bear.

THis Venerial ſport is one of the Devils *A la Mode* inventions (which as ſome think

hath not been of any long ſtanding.) A Gentleman of *Lincolns-Inne*, being one of thoſe that went to the Bear-garden, on the back ſide of Curſiters Alley, a Bawdy-houſe ſo called. At this Garden it was where he uſed to whip a blind Shee-Bear on the bare buttocks with rods, for ſo much a Laſh: This Gentleman being often at that ſport, but one time above the reſt, not being ſatisfied with it, he would needs be at the other ſport; The reins of the Bears back being extreamly heated with her ſeveral baitings, burnt him ſo, that he was forced to keep his Chamber for a quarter of a year, till he was cooled again. After he was perfectly recovered, he bethought himſelf of a revenge, which was accompliſhed in the manner following. In the Winter-time he came to the ſame Bear-garden, where calling for Black-pots and full Pipes, he cauſed half a dozen Faggots to be burnt, privately placing the Fire-ſhovel in the Fire, afterwards he knockt for the blind Bear, who when ſhe had agreed with him for ſo much money for ſo many Laſhes, ſhe lay down with her face on the Bed, ſhe might properly be called the blind Bear,-----*cui lumen ademptum*, for ſhe had but one Eye, and that too ſhe could not ſee withall. The Gentleman made haſte to the Fire, from whence he took the Shovel red hot, and immediately clapt it to her bare breech: The Bear

roared

roared out; the Bearheardeſs came up into the Chamber, and askt the Gentleman what he had done to her Bear; Nothing, ſaid he, but your Bear burnt me, and now I have burnt your Bear, and away he got him, having gained a further revenge in not paying the Reckoning.

Strange paſtimes in theſe dreadfull times are found,
Then Paris-Garden *myſteries more profound;*
That Bear turns round, much like our Rogues of late,
Were they ſo whipt, it would ſecure our State.

Of a Schollar that was troubled with a tyred Horſe.

A Schollar on the High-way was tormented with a tyred Horſe, and not knowing otherwiſe how to make him go, held out on a ſtick a bottle of Hay, which the Horſe being greedy to overtake, put forward, and ſo he performed his Journey.

The Schollar that did try this cunning feat,
Had heard oth' Proverb, Who won't work ſhan't eat;
All the way that he rid he did but tender
The Hay, at's Journeys end was the ſurrender.

A notable ſhift at need.

BY the enſuing Rhime you may perceive, that ſhifting is of an antient inſtitution. A Fellow being put to ſuch an exigent, that he muſt either pay ſo much money by ſuch a time, or go to priſon, he knowing no friend that would either be bound for it, or lend it him, he was forced to uſe this Trick: He hung out a large Cloth, on which was writen in great Letters,

Within this Place is to be ſeen
A monſtrous Sight; God ſave the Queen.

And under thoſe lines in as large characters were written, *A Horſe and no Horſe, the Head ſtands where the Tail ſhould ſtand.* The people came far and near to ſee the Show, who could not chuſe but laugh at the Fellows ingenuity; he deſired them to keep their own counſels, to ſend him as many Cuſtomers as they could, and that when he had made up ſuch a ſum, which for the preſent he wanted, he would leave off Showing. They promiſed they would do ſo, and were as good as their words, for they reſolved that ſeeing they themſelves were made Fools, that they would fool others.

Uſe

Uſe all your Wits for to bring Money in,
Except you have ſome new quick catching Gin,
'Twill be held faſt; it muſt be ſome delight
That's ſtrange and rare, a Punchanello *Shite.*

Of a great Eater.

A Gormandizer being about to ſet down at Table, complained that he had loſt his Stomach; Well, (quoth one that ſtood by) if a poor man had found it, he had been utterly undone.

On Fidlers.

A Sea Captain being newly married, though he had paid ſeveral Conſorts (as he took them for ſuch) of Muſick, the Waits, Trumpeters, Drummers, and other ſcraping Raſchals that continually haunted his window, yet ſtill he could not be rid of them; for as ſoon as one Company was gone they ſent another, or elſe the cunning Rogues changed their Inſtruments and Cloaks and came again themſelves. The Sea Captain being thus ſtormed, he reſolved to be revenged of them; to effect it he prepared for their coming, which was very early the next morning, when under the Captains window they ſtruck up, to no Tune: The Captain to puniſh

them

them the more, ſuffered them (without taking any notice) to play on, for he felt (though in a cloſe room) that it was an extreme cold morning; at laſt being tired out with their horrible diſcord, he having opened the Caſement called to them, and askt whether they were for Hats or Cloaks, they cryed out for both; then ſaid he, *Have amongſt you blind Harpers*; throwing a pot full fraught with Piſs, *&c.* as they were gaping and upon the catch, down right upon them, ſo that they marched off in a moſt ſtinking pickle, the Captain afterwards being put to no further trouble with the impudent Fidlers.

What, Hats or Cloaks? both Maſter, have at all,
The Fidlers did receive what he let fall;
What 'twas we need not ſtudy for, or think,
The Crowders were ſo paid, that they did ſtink.

On one in the Stocks.

A Gentleman being for a miſdemeanour ſet in the Stocks, a friend of his (who in the mean ſpace had been in the Tavern) hearing of it, came hollowing into the Temple-hall in *London*, (where his friend was caught faſt by the Leggs) and being asked why he did ſo, he anſwered, that he had loſt a friend of his in a Wood, and therefore hollowed for him as the cuſtom is.

We

We oft do Drunkards find in ſuch a Wood
Well plac'd, who otherwiſe could not have ſtood;
I heard one though fix'd there, cry Follow, Follow,
Fowler, Fowler, as at the game did hollow.

Of one that married a Crooked Woman.

A Gentleman had taken to Wife a woman of good conditions, but crooked of body, which being by ſome reproachfully objected to him, he ſaid, That God had bowed her, and ſent her for a Token to him.

A woman ſtraight in body, and in mind,
Cannot be lov'd enough, few ſuch we find;
But if to Tom *we rightly do ſet* Tib,
Who hath a crooked Wife takes his own Rib.

Of a Bawdy-houſe.

ONe having been cheated of ſome money at a Bawdy-houſe, reſolved to be revenged, to which purpoſe he takes along with him half a dozen toping fellows, ſuch as cuffed off the little Black Pots ſo often, that at laſt they were not ſo able to drink, for they had almoſt gotten to the end of their journey; which the Bawd perceiving, was very earneſt for the reckoning, and ſwore that ſhe would not draw any more till

that

that was firſt ſatisfied for which was already come in: The arch contriver of the miſchief ſaid to the Bawd, if you will not I will; and ſo making as if he would draw more Ale, he immediately at one pluck pulled out the Tap, put it into his pocket, and out of doors he and his crew went, without any following; for there was work enough for the old Bawd to do, the Tub being ſo ironed to the wall, as that there was not for the preſent any turning of it backwards, ſhe being forced to cry out for help, and in the mean ſpace to make uſe both of her fingers and apron at once, to thruſt them into the Tub to ſtop the hole, leſt ſhe ſhould loſe the reſt of her Ale.

This fellow in his pocket miſs'd ſome chink,
To put up ſuch a cheat he did not wink,
The Black Pots flew for't, and the Tub did run,
Were every Bawd ſo ſerv'd ſhe'd be undone.

Of a Thief.

A Thief being accuſed of a Roguiſh Fact, and denying it, ſaid, If I did it, I am a very Rogue.

And ſo he was, how elſe turn'd he a Thief,
Fools only on ſuch Rogues pin their belief.

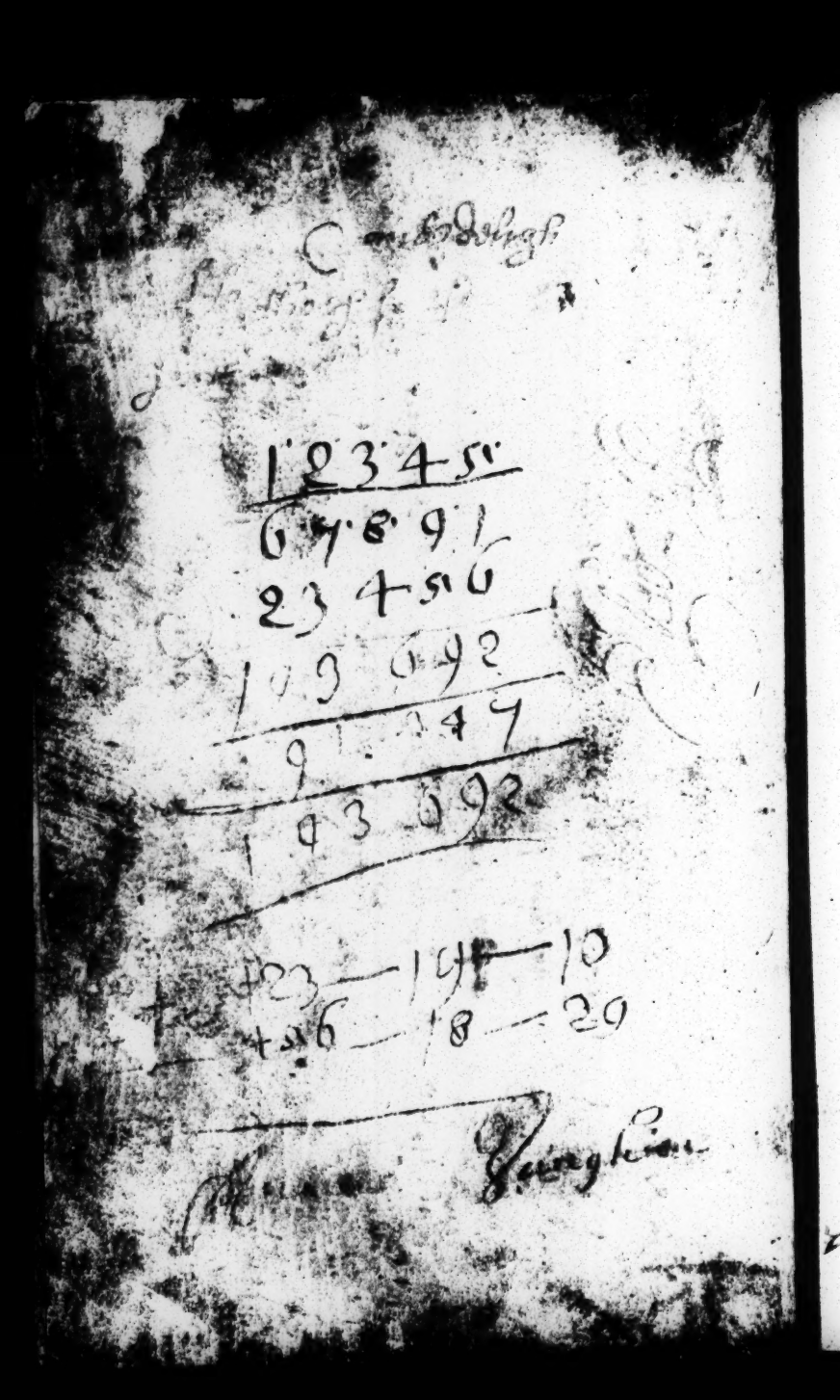
Of

Of two Gentlemen at a Tavern.

THe noble Author of the *Spaniſh Rogue* amongſt other of his moſt ingenuous relations, tells us of two Gentlemen who had not only gone over Shooes but over Boots (according to the uſual practice o ſome of our roaring Boys) they had run beyond the Conſtable, having not only ſpent all their ready money, but though they were ſtrangers, had alſo deſperately brought themſelves on the Tick at a Tavern, (where they and their neceſſary, as before they then imagined them Utenſils of Wenches and Fidlers) had danced on the high rope, they thought it more than time to have diſpatcht out of the way, for they now drank ſmall Beer, and ſate upon the ſtool of repentance, their conſidering caps being put on how to get out of the fortified Caſtle of *Don Vintineer*, for that was the name of the Sign where they for the preſent were captived. After a ſerious conſultation, they knockt for the Governour, who approached them, armed with a long Bill, which after they had peruſed it, they did not in the leaſt except againſt it; only they deſired this favour from him, that one of them might take ſo much freſh air as to march out to procure ſome money (for the preſent they were unfurniſhed) which was eaſi-

ly

ly condeſcended to. He that remained in cuſtody thought every minute an hour till his friend returned, which was ſo long, that he ſtood upon thorns, going often times to the window, opening the Caſement to look out to ſee for his friend; and in a moſt melancholy plight ſhutting and often opening it again, (not much unlike to one, who when he ſhould have woo'd a Lady of a rich match, ſilently play'd ſo long with the Caſement, that he ſlipt his opportunity of taking fortune by the forehead top, who afterwards like a paultry Slut proved bald behind.) At laſt his friend came with a full career, diſcharged the reckoning, and procured a full releaſe, with you are welcom Gentlemen, very welcom; which diſtruſtful earneſt expectation of the confined Gentleman, that moſt ingenuous Author diſcants ſo ſeriouſly on, as to expreſs himſelf to this purpoſe: That he was but a fool to look ſo often out at the window, for his Friend came not a whit the ſooner for it.

He that expects his money 'fore it comes,
May chaffe and ſtare, may ſtamp and bite his thumbs:
Put to the Window fool, it was but fit
To ſtorm your patience for your dear bought wit.

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